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*"Pro patria mortui sunt."*

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# ORATION

PRONOUNCED BEFORE

POST 62,

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS,

*In Memoriam,*

MAY 29TH, A. D. 1869.

BY COMRADE A. B. ELY.

BOSTON:

SAMUEL CHISM,—FRANKLIN PRINTING HOUSE

NO. 134 WASHINGTON STREET.

1869.



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## ORATION.

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IN the early dawn of a spring day, the stillness of the morning air is broken by the loud shriek of a terrified child, and the still louder shrieks of a frantic mother, whose little one has fallen into the deep waters of a rushing river. Many run; but a laborer, passing to his work, hears the cry, and rushes to the spot. Without a moment's hesitation he plunges into the flood, and, at the risk of his own life, rescues the sinking boy, and restores him to the arms of his agonized parent. The deed done, he passes on; not caring to stay to receive the joyful thanks of one so happily relieved from sorrowful bereavement. That man is a hero!

Evening comes. In the early twilight another sound is heard — the cry of "Fire!" and the sky is reddened by the forked flame of the devouring element. A house is crumbling beneath the conflagration. At an upper window appears a decrepit man in the agonies of helpless despair. A workman from a neighboring shop rushes through the gathering crowd, through the falling embers, through the blinding smoke and scorching flame, up the tottering stairway, and, seizing the half lifeless form of the poor suppliant, brings it forth from death to life and eager friends. This man is another hero.

And how much more heroic were these poor men than any of the great heroes of history who sacrificed kingdoms and myriads of subjects' lives to mad ambition, but never ran a risk themselves, for the good of others, or of man!

Every day witnesses, somewhere, such evidences of heroism, among the every-day people of the world. The sentiment, the emotion, the impulse, the principle, prevails in

every virtuous community; and occasion only is wanted to call it out into vigorous exercise. The more virtuous, the more industrious a people, the more heroism will they display to the world. The heroism of the Swiss mountaineers, the Scotch Covenanters, the English Puritans, the Dutch Republicans, the New-England Fathers, is of that lofty type which is hallowed by honest emotions and truthful sentiments. A true heroism is that which springs from a generous impulse, which is actuated by a noble principle, and which seeks a good result. It needs all this to give it stability and strength, and perseverance to the end.

Patriotism will ever engender heroism. The patriot will be a hero if he has the opportunity; and the noblest heroes in profane history have ever been the best patriots, — self-sacrificing, earnest, honest, true. Patriotism exists in all communities; but that which strives to secure and perpetuate liberty, and which grows and flourishes under free institutions, is of the highest type, having the highest intelligence and the highest aim. The patriot hero, in a free land, is the highest and best type of heroic man.

The hero need be no great man, as the world goes. Heroism has made some men great; but more men have been made great by the heroism of the lowly, than by their own. It is the heroism of the people that makes a nation free, and the patriotism of the people that keeps it free. It is over the heroism and the patriotism of the masses, that the few stride into position and power; and it is only from the rich field of the heroic dust of many, that the leading few pluck the flowers of success, and the fruits of honor and renown.

The love of country is a sentiment of great power, wielding great control over human hearts and minds. But when that innate feeling is enlightened and strengthened with the knowledge, that the country of one's love is the dwelling-place of liberty, and the home of the free, the power of that sentiment is greater, and higher, and holier, and becomes a



fixed principle of honest, earnest, self-sacrificing, patriotic, heroic action. The sufferings and sacrifices of our revolutionary sires have ennobled, and made holy, such love, such heroism, such patriotism, in the history of our country, and in the hearts of all our people.

The sturdy yeomen who fought behind the stone walls of Lexington, and the rail fences of Bunker Hill, who dug trenches on Dorchester Heights, who swam the icy waters of the Delaware, and tracked with their blood the snows of Valley Forge, were the unnamed patriot heroes to whom a nation owes its liberties, and the world the example and influence of a free people rejoicing in the blessings of self-government, and republican institutions. The homely names of those self-sacrificing asserters and defenders of our country's liberties and our people's rights have passed away from memory, and history gives them no place among its catalogues; yet, nevertheless, the burden and heat of the great contest were borne by them, and the glories of the great result were wrought out by them, equally with the men whose names stand emblazoned among the great ones of the earth. No flowers were strewn upon their graves; but from out their dust have sprung the bright flowers and rich harvests of civil and religious liberty, of social and domestic happiness, and of personal and communal enjoyment, of which we, in common with all our fellow-citizens, this day partake. Not unfrequently the mean man, simple and unknown, stood firm in his integrity, while the mighty man, who had made a name in history, fell before temptation, like Lucifer, son of the morning. How much nobler were the soldiers Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, than the officer and general, Arnold; and how much firmer to principle the common men, than the petted son of fortune's favors, in this memorable instance! Let us ever gratefully acknowledge our obligations to our patriot sires, while we rejoice in the glad heritage won for us by their heroic deeds. To them we owe the foundations of all our civil and political bless-

ings. Their sturdy, steady, honest, Christian spirits stand by us even now; and whatever there may be of stability and integrity in our institutions, we owe to them and their sound practical knowledge of humanity, and its needs.

The people, the people,—simple-minded, true-hearted, honest, earnest, Christian people, who founded and enjoyed the meeting-houses, and the school-houses of the land; who loved liberty because they loved the Lord, and loved education because they loved liberty,—the intelligent, educated, common people, were the patriot heroes to whom we owe so much,—sons of suffering sires, sires of enjoying sons. How great and glorious the heritage which they acquired, and, having acquired, transmitted unimpaired to their descendants! Our revolutionary patriots had passed away; their sons had lived and died in the full enjoyment of the priceless blessings which their fathers had fought to win, and, winning, had bequeathed to their posterity; their grandsons had come to man's estate; when, suddenly, in the midst of a tranquillity the most undisturbed, of a peace the most profound, and a prosperity the most unexampled, and while in the enjoyment of civil and religious, personal and political, social and domestic rights, privileges, and liberties, such as the world had never before or elsewhere seen, dull reverberations from the far distance, wakening the sleeping echoes, and ominous whisperings gathering in the silent air, roused the people from their security to a sense of danger, as the rumblings of an earthquake fill the heart with terror and alarm. Like Minerva from the head of Jove, red-handed war had sprung into being, full armed, from the seething brains of treasonable insubordination, and selfish ambition; and the republic found its very existence endangered ere it was aware of the Catalinarian conspiracy that had plotted its overthrow. A social evil, existing before the revolution, fostered and cherished by sectional pride and lust of power, had engendered a political evil after the revolution, which, growing in arrogance and strength, and

choosing "to rule in hell rather than serve in heaven," had sought to erect an aristocratic empire upon the ruins of a democratic government. The system of slavery, begotten of the evil desires of a depraved humanity, endowed with meretricious but most seductive charms, and burning with evil passions and desires, had become the willing mistress of an unscrupulous polity, and had given birth and sustenance and strength to the arrogant doctrine of State's rights. This wild and wilful offspring of an unholy concubinage, reared in pride and self-indulgence, and mad with lustful ambition, in very excess of passionate desire, had sought the embraces of its own vile but not unwilling mother; until, in wicked dalliance, had been begotten and brought forth the full-grown monster, hybrid, Caliban brood of treasonable secession. By the influence of the terrible magic of this dread Hecate, as if by the wand of some potent but malicious enchantress, it would seem as if men, within her sphere, were turned to beasts of prey, or worse, to fiends. Wherever this detestable influence had prevailed, and this great crime had been tolerated, patriotism seemed transformed to treason, and heroism to passionate delirium.

The aspect of things was appalling. The moral tempest was at once howling in all its frightful force, threatening to engulf and overwhelm our whole governmental structure. Good men and true stood aghast. Momentarily all hearts quaked. How far did this great treason extend? Who was true and trusty in the great apostasy? The nation's chief magistrate was hardly equal to an old woman with a broomstick; while his chief advisers seemed to be but part and parcel of the rebel clan. Trepidation, however, lasted but for a moment. The cry went forth for all good men and true to stand by the institutions they had inherited, the government they had chosen, and the old flag which their fathers had consecrated to liberty and law, and which, so long as it floated to the breeze, would ever be the emblem and guaranty of liberty under law, and of individual rights

under the ægis of constitutional republicanism. At this cry, all good men and true rallied to the rescue, with a patriotism worthy of the days of Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Then began the great contest that was to try the stability of our free institutions, and the tenacity and strength of our federal constitution. "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels." It was truth against error, liberty against slavery. It was the Roundhead against the Cavalier, the Ironsides against the Chivalry. The far back battle-fields of Marston Moor, and Naseby, and Worcester, and the nearer fighting-grounds of Bunker Hill, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Yorktown, now bore glorious fruit. The blood shed then was not shed in vain. The liberties won, and the institutions, civil and religious, planted by the fathers, now brought forth rich results of self-sacrificing patriotism and heroic deeds. The spirit of the fathers lived in the sons, and the noble youth showed themselves worthy of the noble heritage they had received from a noble ancestry. The farm, the workshop, the factory, the counting-house, the school, the office, contributed alike to the gathering hosts that assembled to vindicate the majesty of the law, and the honor of the nation. Then did it appear that our constitution was fit and flexible for the emergency; that it possessed powers necessary for its own protection; that the great fundamental principle and law of self-preservation underlay its whole fabric, and furnished it with all the powers necessary for the vindication of its own rights, and the preservation and protection of the national government reared upon its broad foundations. Weak or wicked strict constructionists, — and there were both, — were taught the great lesson, that, with nations, as with individuals, self-preservation is the great controlling element and law of existence. It was determined that the republic should receive no detriment, and the will and the power both proved ample.

Who shall recount, in sufficiently inspiring words, the

incidents, and who shall paint, in sufficiently glowing colors, the scenes of four years' conflict, — determination on the one hand, desperation on the other, — the sunlight and the shadow, the calm and the storm, the sorrow and the joy, elation and depression, success and defeat, commingle like the phantasmagoria of a feverish dream.

At one time, the weary march in dust and heat, or drenching rain, or deathly damp of miasmatic dews, debilitating mind and body, strewn the roadsides and filling the hospitals with disease and death. Alas! how many eyes grew dim, and how many pulses fluttered and grew still, from want of care and proper tending! and how many fainted and fell by the wayside, longing, with patriotic fervor, to do heroic deeds, in vain! Alas! the feeble, staggering, straying, overburdened stripling, — a father's pride, a mother's joy, — who started forth with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, thinking, hoping in his patriotic heart, to do some noble deed for his country, that should thrill the hearts of loved ones at home; but who yielded up his young life in the wet woods or fallow field, while the hurrying march went on, or in the halting camp-ground when the day was done! He was but a soldier; yet had he sacrificed his all upon his country's altar; and no less patriotic, no less heroic he, than if the fickle goddess, Fortune, had placed him at the head of the corps, of which he died an unknown member.

At another time, in gallant array, with swinging step to martial music's thrilling tones, the long-drawn columns thread their way across the sunny slopes, along the grassy glades, through the open orchards, and beside the brawling brooks, into the deep shadows of the waving woods; and the tramp of many thousand feet answers to the sound of many thousand voices, as the chanting chorus of the marching song echoes along the hills, and dies away in the distant valleys. And then comes the bivouac under the silvery sheen of the mounting moon, when the jocund jest goes



round, and laughing lips echo and re-echo the gladness of happy hearts. To-morrow's sun may bring a battle; but, if so, to-morrow's sun will show what heroic deeds patriotic hearts will urge those gallant men to dare, and, daring, do.

Again in prison pens, and deadly dens of human hells, devilish devices of infernal fiends in human form, noble souls peak and pine in dull despair, starved and tortured unto death. Alas that human nature should ever, in this enlightened land, become so depraved and debased, as to commit such hideous wrong! Alas that such savage deeds of heartless cruelty, should spring from even such a treacherous, traitorous source! But alas, and alas, that stalwart men and hopeful youths, soldiers of the great republic, glowing with patriotic fire, eager for heroic action, ready at their country's call, and faithful to their country's cause, safe in the march, safe in the deadly camp, safe through the battle, should be called to endure such torments, wilfully, persistently inflicted by a foe boasting of a chivalric spirit and a spotless honor, as if "donning the livery of heaven to serve the devil in"! Who can fathom the heart-burnings, the agonizing longings, the dull despair, succeeding the loss of all hope, that rent and crushed and killed those patient heroes, who endured and suffered heat and cold, and hunger and thirst, and brutal treatment, and disease and death, as prisoners of war, at the behest of that Caliban brood of traitorous secession. Many a John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground, tortured and sacrificed to a cruel and untimely end, by the bloodthirsty offspring of the incestuous bed of slavery and state's rights. Who shall answer for these inhuman murders? When in the course of all time shall the civil and military heads and commanders of the great treason wipe out the damned spot? Shall the head of the civil government, or the commander of the military forces, of the false and fraudulent confederacy, ever live in history, otherwise than as responsible for the atrocities of Libby, and Belle Isle, and Andersonville? Let their names stand in execra-

tion with those whom treason has made monsters, and let the memory of their monster deeds avenge the awful wrong, and furnish righteous retribution to the end of time.

And still again the dread array of serried ranks, drawn up in line of battle, "goes in" to meet the foe in deadly conflict. The thundering roar of cannon, the rattling crash of musketry, the shrieks of shells, the whistle of balls, the rush of men, and the beating charge of horse, and shouts, and groans, and smoke, and fire, fill the air, with what would seem confusion worse confounded. And then the lull and ending of the strife, and the quiet moon looks down upon the stricken field. How many gallant hearts have done their last devoir! How many sought to win renown, and won an unknown soldier's grave! How many thought of home, and loved ones far away, as they plunged into the thick of battle; and how many breathed a last prayer for the dear objects of their earthly love! Youth was no protection from the singing ball, nor manhood from the bursting shell. How many anxious fathers, how many tender wives and mothers, oh how many hearts waited long and waited in vain for tidings from dear ones, whom, with heroic self-sacrifice, they had sent from the delights of home to the battle-field! And when at last it came to be believed, that death had met the loved ones and claimed them as his own, how many hearts mourned, and mourning sickened, and sickening died! Alas! the battle-fields of war have peopled many a "God's acre" with forms that never joined in the march, or heard the battle-cry; and the sod of many a country churchyard has been disturbed to receive the remains of loving ones, as surely killed at home, by the shock of armies, as if pierced in person on the stricken field. And many now go mourning all their days, like "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not."

## I.

The drum beat alarum, the long roll was sounded, —  
Still wayworn and weary, we roused from our slumber;  
And muskets were shouldered, too soon to be grounded  
By many a hero from out of our number.

## II.

And pistols were loaded and sword-belts were tightened,  
And carefully handled War's dread ammunition;  
And canteens were lifted and knapsacks were lightened,  
As onward we hastened to find our position.

## III.

The mists on the valley were quietly sleeping,  
The light scarcely showing the gray of the morning  
That up from the eastward seemed lazily creeping,  
As, suddenly rousing, we heard the harsh warning.

## IV.

We mounted the hillside, our skirmishers feeling  
Their way through the orchard that skirted the valley;  
A shot in the distance more surely revealing  
The place of encounter, the halt, and the rally.

## V.

Our columns, advancing, now formed line of battle;  
The booming of cannon that struck on our hearing,  
And, following quickly, the musketry's rattle,  
Foretelling us fairly the strife we were nearing.

## VI.

The batteries opened with death-dealing thunder,  
With shells screaming wildly and canister loaded,  
The thick clouds of battle dividing asunder,  
And dealing mad havoc where'er they exploded.

## VII.

And in we went firmly, now loading, now firing,  
Now shouting together the war-cry in chorus,  
Regardless of danger, unflinching, untiring,  
The balls singing round us, the shells bursting o'er us.

## VIII.

The din of the conflict seemed nevermore ending, —  
The shouts of the living, the groans of the dying,  
The harshest of discord seemed evermore blending,  
As volley to volley seemed ever replying.



## IX.

The ardor of fighting resistlessly bore us  
Still onward and upward, with passionate feeling ;  
The long line of battle retreating before us,  
Our strength, and their weakness, seemed surely revealing.

## X.

'Twas then that the bugle was heard in the distance,  
The clatter of horse-hoofs went by like a torrent ;  
The rush of the squadrons bore down all resistance,  
Like death-dealing doomsters, with merciless warrant.

## XI.

The battle was over, the last call was sounded ;  
Returned to our quarters we heavily slumbered,  
While details went out for the dead and the wounded,  
And missing and lost ones were carefully numbered.

## XII.

The best and the bravest were missed from their stations,  
But War's stern demandings gave no time for sorrow ;  
The orders for marching hushed all lamentations,  
To-day's work requiring more work for to-morrow.

## XIII.

Such, then, was the battle, and such is the story, —  
We went in and conquered, with courage of heroes ;  
We covered somebodies all over with glory, —  
Perchance they were Cæsars, they might have been Neroes.

## XIV.

But whoever mounted o'er us to distinction,  
We followed our duty with manly endeavor,  
Our free institutions to save from extinction :  
Then shout we in chorus, Our country forever !

And then at last, the victory won, the enemy overcome,  
is the glad march homeward. The long columns, with  
joyous hearts and elastic steps, with banners flying and  
drums beating, wind over hill and dale to the stirring notes  
of "Home, Sweet Home!" and, forgetful of past hardships  
and sufferings and sacrifices, the battle-scarred heroes look  
forward to find sweet peace and comfort in the glad em-  
braces of the loved ones left behind, whose prayers and

tears and anxious watchings have followed them, step by step, through all their many perils. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

The war ended, the soldiers of the army of the republic came to be mustered out. The old time regiments returned to the old time places, and the old time crowds flocked to see the old time faces. The old time faces? Not all — not all! There were great gaps in the lines. Many thousands of the old faces were missing from the old haunts, sleeping under the sods of the cemeteries and battle-grounds of the war. Hardship, and disease, and deadly wounds, had more than decimated the ranks; while, of those that came again to the old homes, many were scarred, and maimed, and bruised, and broken down. Proudly did the battle-marked braves bear the tattered flags that bore witness to the heroic prowess of the patriot hearts that beat beneath their folds. What tales, more eloquent than words, were told by those serried ranks as they passed along, — tales of self-sacrifice for a country's welfare and a country's life! Home was doubly dear, because the great civil and governmental blessings that made home so worthy had been rescued from great peril, and preserved intact, at great personal risk and suffering. Down under the surface was a great moral sentiment that ennobled every heart. How much more we love the friend for whom we have suffered and sacrificed! How much more we are ready to dare and do for the cause for which we have labored long and faithfully! Work in a good cause ennobles the heart that undertakes it, and strengthens the soul that brings it to a successful end. And so the war-worn veterans came home, with the grateful sense of having accomplished a good work. The army was disbanded, and the soldier was again a citizen. Back to the farm, and the workshop, and the factory, and the counting-room, and the school, and the office, went the volunteers; and all the industrial avenues of every-day life were again filled with crowds of busy men of peace, who had but just

now laid aside the panoply of war. The great body politic, that had furnished forth its million of patriotic souls for the dread mission of an awful conflict, again received into its embraces the returning heroes of a hundred stricken fields; and the million of warlike men, flushed with victory, winning *los* and honor by deeds of endurance and of daring, and surrounded by all the peculiar influences of military associations and armed power, fell peacefully back into the quiet routine of civil life, as if no war had been. The work of peace is being done to-day, as if the work of war, now past, were but the visions of a dream in the night gone by.

Twice before, in the history of the world, had armies been suddenly disbanded without tumult; and twice before had such armies doffed the panoply of war, and donned the habiliments of peace, without a murmur; and, by becoming good citizens, had vindicated their character as true patriots. The soldier was a citizen before and while a soldier; and, ceasing to be a soldier, he remained a citizen. His country in peril, he seized his sword, and rushed to the rescue; his country safe, he laid down his weapon, and returned to daily work. Twice before had this occurred. The Ironsides of Cromwell and the English Commonwealth, and the Continentallers of Washington and the American revolution, were fitting progenitors of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The reason of this lies in the character of the men, and of the institutions for which they fought. Educated, thinking men, appreciating the great questions at issue, and understanding the great objects of the strife, — they entered into the contest calmly and considerately, under a sense of obligation, and in obedience to a call of duty. Great moral and political questions — questions of personal rights, of civil liberty, of constitutional government, and of governmental policy, aye, of national existence — were involved; and, in view of these, the innate, instinctive sense of obligation pressed its claims; and *I ought* begat *I must*, and *I must*, *I*

*will.* These were men of the best type; and the praying, psalm-singing Ironsides, who felt they were doing God's will and their own duty, as soldiers fighting for civil and religious liberty under the great captain of English freedom, knew also that they were doing God's will and their own duty when, their great captain dead, their fighting days gone by, they became peaceful and industrious citizens of the land. The same sentiment which made them good soldiers made them good citizens and neighbors and friends. The patriotism of such men is founded upon deep and fixed principles, and their heroism is the good result of honest thoughts and stern determinations. Hence, their moral force is irresistible, and their moral influence good, whenever and wherever duty calls.

And this is none the less true because these men, with few exceptions, remain unknown to fame. Jack Mower, and Tom Planer, and Bob Spinner, and Jim Counter, and Fred Scholar, and Frank Writer, privates in the great army, were equally patriots and heroes, intelligent and honest and earnest, with those who, under Providence, reached high command; and equally to them, as to the others, will the glad verdict come, "Well done, good and faithful servants." The safety of the nation depends upon the intelligence and integrity of the people; and where the masses are honest and educated and true, the country and its priceless liberties will be safe in peace or war, but not otherwise. May the God of our fathers spare our liberties and our free institutions, to us and to our children, to the remotest generation.

The living from those that went out from us and marched, and camped, and fought, and saved our country from dismemberment, have returned, and are with us in our daily walks and avocations, and daily rejoice in the personal enjoyment of the fruits of their labors. The warlike toils and sufferings of yesterday are forgotten in the peaceful pleasures of to-day. But the dead, the heroic dead! the dead of the march, and the camp, and the hospital, and the prison-pen,

and the battle-field; who went out from us flush with life and hope, and eager to win renown; who left the dear delights of home with earnest wish to do their country service, and met the dread hardships of war with patriotic zeal for their country's welfare; but who fell in the clear morning or bright noontide of life, conscious of no victorious results, but only conscious of having answered the call of duty, and of having fulfilled that duty to the end, — what shall be said of them? Shall they pass unmourned, unremembered, unhonored? Was their life not patriotic? Was their death not heroic? Were their deeds of no avail? Was naught accomplished by them? Were they not patriots, and do patriots live for naught? Were they not heroes, and do heroes fall for naught? Are the leaves that die of no account, and those that live only of value? Is the sparrow that falls lost, and only that which flies away found? "Not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father." (There is no safety without danger. There is no success without strife. There is no salvation without sacrifice; no life without death. We inherit the legacies of the dead, in all that is great and glorious and good, among the living. Liberty and all the blessings of a free government are the fruits of the blood of patriots and heroes. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." And from the atoning blood of the Lamb of God comes our only hope of heaven and a blissful immortality. Who shall say then that the life of the meanest soldier who fell in the war for the Union was sacrificed in vain? The precise necessity of that loss in the great plan of Divine Providence we may not understand; but we feel assured that, in the great conflict, such necessity existed, and was, somehow, important in bringing about the grand result.

'Tis not the clay that struts to-day,  
And fills a grave to-morrow,  
That makes the man, nor ever can,  
For loss of whom we sorrow;



But 'tis the soul controls the whole,  
 And crowns with grace and beauty,  
 The humblest man, who lives his span,  
 And dies, true love to duty.

At the close of the war it was thought well for officers and soldiers to form an organization for the purpose of cherishing the patriotic spirit and emotions which led them to join the army, — of keeping alive the pleasant memories and associations attending their connection with the army, and of affording mutual aid and assistance after leaving the army. This organization was formed under the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, and is intended to embrace any reputable and honest member of the grand army of the Union during the war in suppression of the great rebellion. To-day the enrolled members of the Grand Army of the Republic meet to commemorate the dead braves who fell in the discharge of their duty as soldiers of the republic in her late struggle for existence; and to strew their graves with flowers, in memory of their patriotism, and their heroic devotion to the cause of liberty and good government.

As a Post of this Grand Army, we meet here to-day in discharge of a duty; mournful as we think of the departed as our friends and neighbors, but grateful as we think of the cause and results of their sacrifice.

*"Pro patria mortui sunt."*

ORLUSTUS J. ADAMS,  
 JOHN ALLEN,  
 GEORGE BAKER,  
 LEMUEL F. BASSETT,  
 GEORGE H. BAXTER,  
 WILLIAM R. BENSON,  
 THOMAS L. BRACKETT,  
 LEROY S. BRIDGMAN,  
 EBEN R. BUCK,  
 REUBEN L. BUTLER,  
 LOWELL M. BRECK,

JOSEPH B. BRECK,  
 THOMAS W. CLIFFORD,  
 FERDINAND CHAMPION,  
 GILBERT A. CHENEY,  
 SETH COUSENS,  
 FREDERICK A. CUTTER,  
 THOMAS DURAN,  
 WILLIAM FELL,  
 WILLIAM N. FREEMAN,  
 JOHN FORSYTH, JR.,  
 WILLIAM L. GILMAN,

PATRICK HAGGERTY,  
 HENRY C. HARRINGTON,  
 WILLIAM A. HARRIS,  
 LEOPOLD H. HAWKES,  
 THOMAS L. JACKSON,  
 WILLIAM H. JOHNSON,  
 ALBERT A. KENDALL,  
 GEORGE KIMBALL,  
 HENRY S. LAWSON,  
 ELLIOT LITTLEFIELD,  
 JEFFERSON LARKIN,  
 CHARLES A. LEAVITT,  
 EDWARD LYMAN,  
 JOHN MYER, JR.,  
 JOHN McQUADE,  
 MICHAEL MARTIN,  
 DANIEL H. MILLER,  
 GEO. H. NICHOLS,  
 STEPHEN L. NICHOLS,

WILLIAM B. NEFF,  
 THOMAS C. NORCROSS,  
 ALBERT F. POTTER,  
 JOSEPH R. PRATT,  
 WILLIAM L. PARKER,  
 JOHN B. ROGERS,  
 WILLIAM H. RICE,  
 WILLIAM RAND, JR.,  
 GEORGE H. RICH,  
 MATTHEW T. H. ROFFE,  
 DANIEL SANGER,  
 EDWARD H. TOOMBS,  
 LUCIUS F. TROWBRIDGE,  
 HARVEY L. VINTON,  
 MICHAEL VAUGHAN,  
 EBEN WHITE,  
 CHARLES WARD,  
 GRAFTON H. WARD,  
 SAMUEL F. WOODWARD,

ALFRED WASHBURN,

went out with us, but returned not. They fell by the way-side ere the goal was reached. Their lives, their sacred honor, were pledged to redeem their native land from treason. Their lives they lost; their honor they kept intact. Thank God, we lived to return to our glad homes! Thank God, they died in a glorious cause, in the fulfilment of an acknowledged duty, and in the full consciousness of being actuated by heroic principle.

When, on our return, the roll was called, they answered not to their names. Another call had reached their ears, and they had been drafted out to serve elsewhere than here. We missed their pleasant faces on the march; we missed their pleasant voices in the camp; we missed them on the field; and we mourned them as one mourneth the friend that sticketh closer than a brother. But alas! there were those that missed them more. Father and mother, and wife and child had watched and waited long, only to find that to them no loved one would return. But did we or they mourn that the sacrifice had been made? Were any sorry that they had sent out their dear ones to the work? Rather,

in the grateful joy at the great result, so prayed and striven for, were they not glad that they had been able to contribute something to the glorious common cause, a cause evermore the dearer for the dear price they paid? When they and we remembered how much was purchased for the price, sad hearts became resigned, and sorrowing ones looked up and smiled. They were the contributions of a true patriotism upon the altar of civil and religious liberty, and in support of a cause whose failure would have brought dismay and unutterable woe upon all our households. Standing above the dust of the departed, it is for us to remember and emulate the patriotism that sent them to the war, and to honor the heroism that led them to untimely death. It is for us to call to mind the causes that required such sacrifice of life, and to guard, with tenfold jealous care, the honor and integrity of a country saved from such danger at such heavy cost.

Personally, it is for us to ponder our own readiness to meet the order that shall transfer us, from the ranks of the living, to the army of the dead. A story is told of a man who, having been a soldier and a scout in the East and a pioneer and trapper in the West, at length, far out upon the prairies, grew old and died. A single-hearted, honest, truthful man, he lived with the light he had, according to the homely teachings of his boyhood, and the sense of right which seemed innate in his simple soul. When the end drew near, the old man sat with bated breath and listening ear, as if waiting calmly for the last summons, when, suddenly raising his tall form to its full height, as if he heard the Great Captain's call, he answered loudly, *here!* and his spirit passed from out its tenement of clay. So may every soldier be ready and waiting to answer the last roll-call, with sense of duty done, of enlistment ended, and of name enrolled among the armies of the Lord.

Many of our comrades in arms have fought their last fight and finished their last campaign. Not so with us. With some of us there are yet tedious marches and dreary watch-



ings and deadly strifes in store. With some the way will seem long, and weary and worn we shall come to the end. With some the battles of life will seem but as reviews and dress-parades. With others the shrill bugle call will sound to mount and away in sudden haste, while yet strong in manhood's prime. Friends and comrades, are we ready? In time must we volunteer for eternity, and on earth must we be enrolled for heaven. Then let flowers strew our graves, and from out our dust let blossoms spring and fruit grow, in figure of the life we reach through death; for then, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The war against secession is ended. The power of the constitution to defend itself against any open attack, — its power of self-defence, — is vindicated; but there is another war before us, more mighty than this. Foes more insidious, enemies more powerful, are gathering, when the great final test of the strength of our institutions will come, and the weak places of our system will be tried to the uttermost. Our institutions are strong, our system will stand, only so long as truth and righteousness prevail; — only so long as the people are honest and intelligent; — only so long as we conform to the great inherent and innate rule of right, which underlies all law, human and divine. The foes we have to meet are moral foes. The enemies that assail us are to be found in the selfish passions of a depraved human nature. We have to fight covetousness, we have to wage war against corruption and dishonesty and fraud, which are to-day controlling, in many places, our legislatures, our courts, our political offices, and our ballot-boxes; and which, under present appearances, will soon control them everywhere. We have to meet insubordination everywhere. Illegitimate combinations for control, illegitimate organizations for the accomplishment of selfish objects, prevail everywhere. Monster monopolies, that overpower all individual responsibility and

independence, spring up everywhere. Capital grows imperious in its demands, because of its vast power over men; and labor becomes restive and truculent, because of its numbers. Aristocracy of wealth seeks to establish an oligarchy of influence; while the democracy of poverty would force an equality of condition, at the risk of anarchy.

I think it meet and proper here to raise a warning voice against such evils as threaten our common heritage, and such as will render all our recent patriotic sacrifices and heroic deeds of no avail, unless resisted and overcome. To be wise in time is to be wise indeed.

A state of war is often a hotbed for the growth of evil passions and evil desires; and the results of war are often seen in an outcropping, and rank growth, of moral and political evils that follow in its wake, and flourish long after the battle grounds have become cultivated fields. Pestilence and famine may follow war in morals and politics, as well as in physical matters.

The lavish expenditures of governments, and of individuals, during the war; the lack of even a pretence of economy on the part of those in power, and the ready answer of an enthusiastic people, in their generous zeal, to the most extravagant calls; the payment of double, triple, and quadruple prices, by government, through incompetent and careless and dishonest officials, for the supply of government wants; the sudden and easy acquisition of enormous wealth by all those who had means of supplying government calls, and who had access to government patronage;—has offered a bounty to extravagance and roguery, and has tended to destroy all sense of honesty and moral obligation. The ease of raising money, on mere promises to pay, led still further to extravagancies of expenditure, for which no decent excuse could ever be found, until a debt was created, a great part of which was incurred to pay extraordinary, unnatural, unnecessary, and unjust percentages of gain and of discount; and *this* accumulating in the hands of the comparatively few,

to be met and paid by the imposition of taxes upon the many, and those taxes increased to meet the payment of improper commissions and agencies, devised and paid to enrich the favored few, to the wrong and injury of the many. When the government pays two, or three, or four prices for what it needs, the few get rich; but it is at the expense of the many; and the people are defrauded, and compelled to pay what, when they know the facts, they feel are, to a large extent, unjust demands. And when government, to meet its debts, by many percentages unnecessarily, if not unjustly, too large, borrows money at large and unnecessary discounts, and pays large and unnecessary commissions and agencies, it only adds so many more percentages to the burden, and so much more weight and aggravation to the wrong. And when, in addition to the extra percentages of gain improperly allowed, and to the extra percentages of discounts and commissions unnecessarily submitted to and paid, it adds the still further extra percentage of freedom from taxation, and compels the people, who have had none of this extra gain, or discount, or commission, to pay taxes for the whole, including the taxes of those who hold the government securities and have had the benefit of these percentages, the many begin to feel that they are overburdened for the few, and thus somehow feel that there is great injustice somewhere, and grow restive at what, without much consideration, they deem a personal wrong. When, in addition to all this, interest is still paid after the money has been to a large degree refunded; when interest in immense sums is paid to individuals for the use of money actually belonging to the government; when enormous commissions are allowed to favored parties for selling government money to those who seek for it without asking; when the people's money is squandered to pay millions in dividends to cliques and rings of monster corporations, which the people's generosity has already provided with ample funds; and to pay the worse than useless, lavish squanderings of gluttonous and wine-

bibbing legislators; and the needless expenses of extravagant pleasure trips of legislative committees to the ends of the earth,—the burden begins to become unbearable, and the people grow still more restive under the infliction. To pay a debt is one thing; but to pay a debt incurred for extravagancies, and to continue such extravagancies while in debt, is another. When wicked agents squander the money, the principal comes to want.

These things on the part of government or of those who manage its affairs, have given a few men such power of moneyed combination, that “one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.” The moneyed power becomes irresistible, and legislatures are bought and sold like merchandise in the market. Whole states are conquered and ruled by fraudulent votes, without the possibility of redress, and are made subservient to the covetous desires of base and wicked men, through the cupidity and greed of covetous legislators, without a chance of restraint. Courts are purchased and held, beyond the power of change and the reach of honest men; while a whiskey and revenue ring corruptly controls the highest tribunal in the land, and the greatest criminal of the age escapes condemnation for a consideration. And when this is done, and the very villains that bought up the judges and paid the fees are placed in high positions for the express purpose of allowing them to steal from the people enough and more to reimburse themselves for the expense; when we have come to such a pass that particular classes of men are singled out as the recipients of special social and pecuniary favors which are denied to others; when whole communities are heavily taxed, arbitrarily, unjustly, wickedly, to subsidize particular associations or sects, who clamor, as political organizations and with political power, for money for clannish or sectarian and political purposes,—purposes at war with our very system, antagonistic to our free institutions, and discriminating as against the general rights of all; and when an attempt is

made by one class or sect to control the State, and to tax all religions to subsidize one, and thus to burden the people for the support and aggrandizement of a system which is anti-republican, and hostile to the very principles of civil and religious liberty; and when this is done by bribes and corruptions among legislators and men in high position, one might well think the burden would become too grievous to be borne, and cry, "O Lord, how long!"

Hardly any man can aspire to an office unless he is ready and willing to spend money to procure it; and few men seek office, unless to make it pay. Formerly, in seeking after office, the cannibal crowd looked to devour their enemies; now they ruthlessly seek to feed on their own friends and relations, and wrongs innumerable are perpetrated to gratify the hungry horde. The people have become the bond-slaves of caucus managers, and central committees, and delegations, who concoct every thing, and control every thing. The rich man grows richer, while the poor man makes little or no headway. The old equality of condition that formerly so happily prevailed, and was one of the greatest and best elements of freedom and stability, and that found among us so few poor and so few rich, has passed away, and times of great inequalities are at hand; coming, too, when no strong, hereditary government, with standing armies, can keep the peace, if the people, in whom the power lies, choose not to have it so.

Labor in this country is a political power; a power to be wielded and used for political purposes; a power in the aggregate irresistible. And in so far as it is lacking in intelligence and honesty; in culture and education, intellectual and moral; in patriotism, unselfish and self-sacrificing; and in those broad, and solid, and comprehensive, and common-sense, and practical views of men and things, and their relative relations, which can come only from education, and study, and earnest thought, and integrity of purpose, — it will prove a power for mischief, rather than



good, a power to be swayed by narrow views, and superficial considerations, and mercenary motives. But it is a power of mighty force; one not to be despised or disregarded, but rather to be educated and conciliated, and wisely and honestly dealt with. It is the power which is to try the strength of our system, whenever, conscious of its strength, combined and organized, it shall cease to be Christian and subordinate, and shall become infidel and licentious. It should not, therefore, be left to itself; for ignorance and selfishness never produce good fruit, but only vice and crime. Neither should it be left to the leadership of demagogues and small politicians, who will plot only mischief, and will be the first to betray the real rights of those whom they have duped into danger. Wealth, and education, and position should seek to conciliate, and ameliorate, and ennoble, and elevate labor, by honestly respecting its rights, by yielding to its just demands, by honoring its deserving children, and by imparting to its followers intellectual and moral advantages, which shall engender self-respect and virtuous emulation, in view of high reward.

The poor man cannot, in very many cases, get his rights in court, because the cost is too great; and he submits to extortion and loss for very lack of means to vindicate his cause; and particularly so when moneyed combinations wish to appropriate his labor or his brains, to enrich themselves, without any adequate compensation to him. Labor finds itself at constant war with capital, because capital demands extravagant percentages of gain, which in the end the laborer must contribute to pay. Hence, his necessities of life enhance in value beyond his wages, and he grows restive, and seeks to force a change by the use of means of very questionable, if not of very dangerous tendencies. Bad men everywhere foster the bad passions of the people, from bad motives, and for bad ends; and weak men, easily prejudiced, easily excited, pull down what they cannot rebuild, and in thinking to "escape the ills they feel, fly to ills they know not of." Weak men, of narrow scope and

comprehension, mere politicians, are put in positions of influence and power, and are expected to devise ways to meet these evils and these tendencies, without ability to appreciate the danger, or genius to conceive a remedy, or capacity to array and control the means necessary for the emergency.

The rich men and the managers of combined capital, seemingly unaware of the danger, bate no jot of their requirements, make no relaxation of their rates, make no concessions to the growing sentiment; and the political managers and officials, who must be either men of wealth or the servants of such, careless or blind, spend their time in party manipulations and political manoeuvres, and in playing for purely political or pecuniary ends, instead of seeking, like honest men, or like wise and far-seeing men, to protect and enhance the industrial interests of the country. If they attempt to do any thing for the cause of labor, it is, as demagogues, by appealing to the passions, or by catering to skin-deep wants of men, in some low and superficial way, that evinces small comprehension of causes, and less foresight of results.

There is a feverish excitement all abroad that bodes no good. The many will think that, by change, they have much to gain, but naught to lose; and changes, once begun, will be the more violent and destructive, because ill directed and uncertain. We have got past the days of control by the wisest and the best, and we must pay the penalty by and by. Government is looked upon as something outside of and separate from the people; as a power to be resisted, or to be got at and controlled, in other interests than those of the people. Capital and labor, which should harmonize, and think and act for the common good of both, in order to secure the welfare of each, are made antagonistic, by wilfulness on the one hand, and ignorance on the other. The great problem of labor, and its relations to capital and to government, is not to be wrought out by fractions of a day's time, or percentages of a day's service; but by deep and earnest

considerations as to what will best make labor honored and respected, by making it honest and intelligent and manly and Christian, and as to what will best make labor remunerative, and give it constant and healthful exercise, and will make it happiest and holiest, by making it prosperous and educated, and its offspring healthful and industrious and intellectual and noble, as good citizens of a glorious republic. The great problem of capital, and its relations to labor and to government, is not to be wrought out by increases of interest and diminutions of wages; but by deep and broad and honest considerations as to what shall enable capital to contribute most to the general welfare of the people, and to the protection of the rights of all; and as to what will conduce to the commercial, mechanical, manufacturing, and industrial interests of the country, by giving constant and remunerative employment to all, by rewarding honest toil and encouraging honest ambition; and as to what shall tend to perpetuate our free institutions in the hands and control of a free and enlightened, an honest, industrious, and Christian working people. Labor must cease to regard capital as its enemy, and capital must cease to regard labor as its tool; and the capitalist and laborer must act in friendly concert, as those who may change relations with the changing years.

I apprehend that the true interests and welfare of the republic are in more danger to-day than at any time during the war; and in the contest that is to come, between the true and the false, the honest and the dishonest, the shallow and the profound, the visionary and the practical, the subordinate Christian and the insubordinate infidel, liberty and license,—the cause of civil and religious liberty, of rational Christian liberty, of liberty under law, of honest, God-fearing, truth-loving liberty, will be lost or won. The beacon lights of history, sacred and profane, are before us: but what nation ever profited by the experience of another? Our hopes must rest in the patriotism, the intelligence, the honesty, the Christianity of the people, and in the goodness and mercy of Almighty God, to whom be glory, world without end.





*Sam Horace Porter*

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